

THE WAR CRY.



AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

Thirtieth Year.

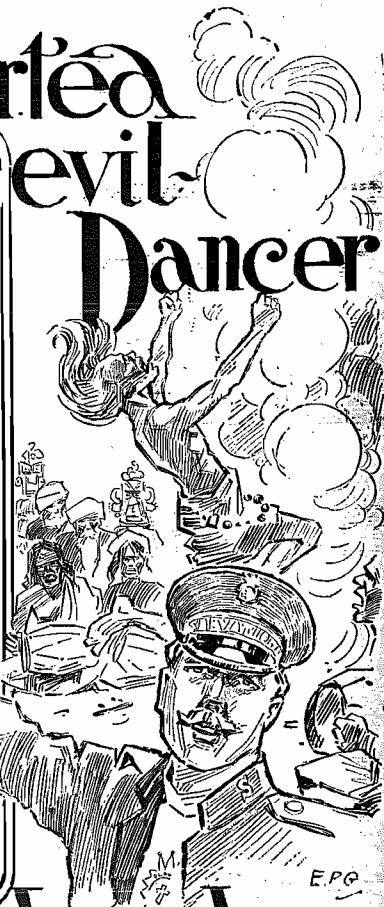
W. BRAMWELL BOOTH, General.

TORONTO, MAY 3, 1913.

DAVID M. REES, Commissioner

Price. Two Cents.

A Converted Devil Dancer



LD. SELF-DENIAL WORTH WHILE

SEE "THE LIGHT OF INDIA," IN WHICH OUR COMRADE'S STORY IS BRIEFLY TOLD—PAGE 1

WHAT LOVE DOES.

Love gives to all, that all may give,
It feeds, that others may be fed,
It binds, that hope and joy may live
When sorrow may be comforted.

THE PRAYING LEAGUE.

TOPICS FOR SPECIAL PRAYER

1. Pray for success of Self-Denial Effort.
2. Pray for more spiritual blessing to be given as well as material aid.
3. Pray for all special meetings in connection with this event.
4. Pray for physical strength as well as spiritual grace to be given all who participate either in giving, collecting, conducting meetings, visitations, or band playing in the streets.

SUN. May 4.—Deuteronomy. No Short-windedness. Deuteronomy 25: 1-15; 26: 1-19.
MON. May 5.—Blessings of Obedience. Deuteronomy 28: 1-14.
TUES. May 6.—Curses of Disobedience. Deuteronomy 28: 15-46.
WED. May 7.—Devil's Wages. Deuteronomy 28: 47-63.

So shalt thou dare forego at His dear Call,
Thy best—thine all."

Love Will Make Us Serve.
"What is love, darling?" was once asked a bright little girl, "Love? why, mamma, love is a feeling with a must in it."

Christian experience brings obligation: this is inevitable; we cannot get away from our responsibility to serve God. We do not wish to do so; we love to serve.

"Lovest thou Me?" asked the risen Christ that morning at Galilee when the sun was tipping the distant hills with the glory of a new day, and the Master came to the help of the weary, discouraged fishermen, who had worked fruitlessly through the darkness.

WHAT YOU HAVE GIVEN.
All you can hold in your cold, dead hand
Is what you have given away.

TRUE SELF-DENIAL.
"Mother is sick and father is dead," said a little girl when a collector called at her home. In this instance, it seemed that help was needed, and the Salvationist said so, but the little girl asked to be allowed to take the card to her mother. When she returned, she brought with her sixteen cents which had been taken from their sole income that day—twenty cents!

THEY CHEERED HIS BEAT.
The big policeman looked down at the little Salvationist girl, a woman who said she was collecting for Self-Denial. "Say," he said as he fumbled in his pocket for a coin, "the little girl you are talking about Broad Street again as they used to. They always cheered my beat. And the donation was not secured until the promise was forthcoming—that the Band should re-visit the said street."

WORTH TRYING AGAIN.

Fifteen cents for a whole afternoon's collecting! No wonder the Captain and her Lieutenant were feeling discouraged.

"Why not go to the grocer's store?" suggested the Lieutenant.
"Oh, we've been there before—don't you remember—and never got anything," replied the Captain wearily.

"But we can but try again," continued the Lieutenant. They did, with the result that the storekeeper complimented them on their pluck and persistence, and gave them a cheque for twenty-five dollars.

A SELF-DENIAL TROPHY.

Self-Denial Week was at hand. He had received my target, and in a little town of practically only one street, my target looked very big, says Adjutant Smith, of London. The Effort, at this time in Army history, was held in the middle of winter, and people seemed to think more about their coat bills than anything else. However, I made up my mind I would get my target. I was only a young Lieutenant at the time, and was at my first Corps as Officer-in-Charge. It was therefore thrown on my own resources.

Having an old magic lantern and a pamphlet illustrating the Social Work, I sat up all one night making lantern slides from the contents of the book. With a few other pictures that I possessed, they made an interesting service, and the crowd that came to the Hall, enjoyed it, the proceeds going toward my target.

At the close of the service, a young lad of about sixteen came to the Penitent-form, and gave himself to God. He told me afterwards that he had been told by his father and mother that a great desire sprang up in him to heart to give himself to God and to do what he could for his salvation. He became a Soldier, and was faithful until I left the Corps. I heard no more of him until about twenty years afterwards, when, one day, I went to the Post-Office at St. John's, Newfoundland, and took out of the box a photo. I did not recognize the fine-looking young man, and his wife, which the photo showed, until I received a letter telling me this was the lad who came forward in the last campaign many years ago. He had been a faithful Soldier ever since.

Both comrades are pushing on the way in the Corps to which they belong.

THE AUTHOR OF "BROKEN EARTHENWARE" TELLS SOME WONDERFUL STORIES OF CONVERSION FROM HEATHEN DARKNESS—BEAUTIFUL DESCRIPTIONS OF ARMY WORK IN THE EAST—NEW EDITION OF "OTHER SHEEP."

You have read "Broken Earthenware"? Then you will want to read "The Light of India," and "You won't be happy 'till you get the book—this wonderful book, whose keenly-observed and brilliant author has surely caught for his readers as much of the glamour and glow, and, perhaps we ought to add, the gloom, of the East as were ever brought between the covers of a modest volume of about 220 pages.

Both books are by Mr. Harold Begbie. "Broken Earthenware" quickly became the talk of several continents, its circulation now being in the neighbourhood of 220 thousand. It has probably been the most-talked-of book of recent years; certainly among books of that classification, for although it may possess the captivating qualities of a romance, it is a deeply religious book.

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It cannot be denied that "The Light of India" definitely challenges criticism. The author is not given to the use of meaningless generalities, and he freely and vigorously expresses his own opinion of what he saw in the East. He set out with an enthusiasm for India, and Commissioner Booth-Tucker was his chief guide in his travels, as well as his instructor in things Indian. But great as was his enthusiasm, Mr. Begbie (Commissioner Booth-Tucker) he does not hesitate to express opinions from which he admits the Commissioner will sharply dissent. The reader may, therefore, here and there have good

Glorious news has quite recently reached us, that of the devil-dancer, whose portrait is given on our front page.

This man, it will be remembered, was dedicated to the devil, the death-bod of fate, himself a priest of devil-worship. He was then only twelve years of age. The old man in bed. Suddenly the father started up, seizing his son by the long hair of his head, dragged the boy down to him, and rubbing ash upon his head, cried in a loud voice, "Promise me to serve the devil—promise me, promise me!" Of the years that followed that terrible scene we cannot now pause to speak. The lad became the most celebrated devil-possessed man for many miles around his village. And yet, by the instrumentality of The Army, and of saving grace of God, has been delivered from this horrible demon-possession.

"And now," says the author, "he is something of a saint, is a man of prayer, and a lay mis-

The Two Seas

A PARABLE OF GIVING AND HOARDING.

There is a sea which, day by day,
Receives the rippling rills
And streams that spring from wells
Of God,

Or far from cedared hills;
But what it thus receives, it gives
With glad, unstaring hand,
And a stream more wide with a
deeper tide

Pours out to a lower land.
But doth it lose by giving? Nay,
Its shores and beauty see
The life and health and fruitful
wealth
Of Galilee.

There is a sea which, day by day,
Receives a fuller tide,
And all its store it keeps, nor gives
To shore nor sea beside;

What gains its grasping greed? Be-
hold!
Darkness around its shores,
Its fruit of lust but apples of dust,
Rotten from root to core;

Its Jordan waters turned to brine
Lies heavy as molten lead,
And its dreadful name doth e'er
proclaim
That sea is—Dead!

Thee to befriend!

After Master had thus identified himself with all who toil, and showed his sympathy with and interest in the great question—now so often a problem—human labour; He listened to the assurance of His repentant disciple; the vacillating, warm-hearted, impulsive Peter, and made reply to the three-fold testimony, "feed My sheep," "feed My lambs," a command which embraces all His needy ones; the little children as well as those of maturer years.

"I went among the victor throng
To have my name confessed;
And hear my Master say at last,
'Well done: You did your best.'

NEXT WEEK—A Divisional Officer on tour: A racy letter from Newfoundland.

CANADIAN LIQUOR BILL, 1913

\$81,399,969

\$12.30 per capita

for entire

population of

7,204,500.

PROTESTANT GIFTS

to Home and Foreign Missions

\$2,216,432

47 1/2¢ per capita

for Protestant population

4,665,500.

From report of The Missionary Laymen's Movement.

"THE LIGHT OF INDIA"

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Colonel and Mrs. Sukh Singh (Blowers) with Officers and Cadets of the Training Home of the Guzerat and Western India Territory. Over two hundred native Cadets are being trained as Officers to rake salvation to their three hundred million countrymen, of whom not one per cent. are Christians. Your Self-Denial gift will help extend The Army's good work in India.

volume, in that its scenes are laid in the gorgeous yet poverty-stricken East, and that its subjects are surrounded with that unaccountable mystery which is inseparable from most of the religious systems of India. But it is remarkable most of all for its arresting stories of a wonderful, almighty salvation.

What "Broken Earthenware" did for a corner of the great city of London, "The Light of India" does for India and Ceylon.

Instead of the stories of sombre sinner life in London and the marvelous conversions of the "Plumber," "The Copper-Basher," and "Old Horn-Drunk," for instance, we have thrilling narrations of the wild life of devil-dancers, devil-priests, and a witch, and of the wondrous transformations wrought in them by the power of God, together with descriptions of Indian landscapes unsurpassed for beauty—both the landscapes and the descriptions. And if Canada is the missionary-loving country we believe her to be, and "The Light of India" be-

cause to disagree with the author, as when, in some instances, he adopts a little confidently the role of critic, or now and again when he somewhat relentlessly pursues a theological discussion to its extreme point. Our leaders themselves would not endorse all the opinions of the author.

But these are nothing more than very small spots on a very bright sun, and compared with the genuine greatness of the book, it seems almost thankless for us to mention them. The author holds that India is at the parting of the ways, so far as Christianity is concerned. She is awakening to the knowledge and culture of the West, and "will either rise up in the faith of Christ, or in the possession of a transcendent materialism."

Unless her growth out of superstition be accompanied by a growth in Christianity, calamity beyond the mind of man to imagine must eventually overtake the human race.

His studies of the effect of the work and methods of The Salvation Army upon the millions of India are therefore all the more interesting, for he has already appeared in "The War Cry," that seemingly almost-incredible story, for instance, of the converted witch, of whose promotion to

any, converting the devil-worshippers of his district to the pure and beautiful religion of Jesus Christ.

"We have read nothing more beautiful than the altogether charming description of a large Salvation Army meeting held by Commissioner Booth-Tucker at Trivandrum in Southern India. This was to be found in the chapter entitled 'The Pandals.'

It was evening. Thousands of dusky figures were standing side by side in the dust of the path.

"Imagine the scene," says the author, "As far as eye could see, stretching out into the glimmering moonlight of an Eastern garden, there were thousands of the dusky people, sitting and standing on the ground, hunched up on the boughs of trees, packed shoulder to shoulder on the walls. Under a great open tent of white canvas, where a lamp was burning, all unlighted paper lanterns were hanging from the branches, hundreds of men and women were kneeling and praying to God, with white and black Officers of The Salvation Army moving about and out among them. Those Officers, radiant with many nations."

"All were praying."

"The voices of these various nationalities rose and fell like the voices of a great army."

(Continued on Page 14.)

Army Musicians and Singers

position of Bandmaster Woodard's to the words "Abide with Me." The Bandmen, led by Bandmaster Woodard, gave splendid service. At the recent re-commissioning, Band Secretary Ridgeway was appointed Corps Treasurer, and Bandman S. Marriott (who recently called at the Editorial Office in Toronto with this news) is the new Band Secretary.

Brother McDonald is the new Deputy-Bandmaster. Bandman T. M. MacDonald, who has been lately welcomed. One of the Bandmen—Brother Charlie Kimmins—is entering the Training College next session. The Band is right up-to-date with its music, and having lately received the Special Band Book. New uniforms are being secured for the coming summer, and a new Army-musical fife horn on order.

On May 24, the Band is announced to visit Woodstock, Ont.

On April 10th, the Chatham, Ont., Bandmen welcomed back Bandmaster G. Dunkley, who has been in New York for three months on business (says F. S.). The Band is steadily growing. Thirty-one are now playing out, and several learners will make their appearance in the near future. This is the highest number of Bandmen the Band has yet attained, and everything points to a banner year for the Maple City Band.

Sixteen "Class A" silver-plated instruments are expected shortly from Headquarters. These will put the Band in possession of thirty-three "Class A" instruments.

The Dovercourt Band, under Bandmaster Palmer, gave a musical festival at Lippincott Street Corps, Toronto, on Thursday, April 17th. To the eye, the Band was an ideal combination, each of the forty or more men clad in the same pattern of uniform, each wearing pouch and belt, and each playing a silver-plated instrument. To the ear, the Band was no less pleasing, and is surely, if steadily, reaching that musical ideal which every Band should have: the correct interpretation of The Army's Journals.

The programme opened with the "Patriotic" march, and was followed by an overblowing counteracted some of the good effects, the Band played with a brilliancy that was most refreshing. The Band's vocalists were "Christchurch" and "McBourne." "My Guide" and "The

Call to War" were the selections, and in the former, the solo horn shone conspicuously, in tuneless, abandon, and rich, round tone. The vocal and instrumental solos were creditably rendered, as were the instrumental duets and quartets. Bandman Heard gave a recitation, and Secretary Neill, of Dovercourt, presided.

Following the Commissioner's Young People's Day in London, the Staff Bandmen—seven in number—who assisted during the day, visited several Corps in the London Division, giving musical programmes at each place, with the assistance of the local Corps' Bands and Songster Brigades. Captain J. P. Myers, Deputy-Bandmaster of the Staff Band, has given us his impressions of the musical convocations which the party was privileged to hear. He says:—

"The Woodstock Band is making great improvement. The men are playing better than they were when I heard them some three months ago. I had the privilege of conducting them through two selections, and they responded in a very pleasing manner. We shall hear more of Woodstock Band.

"I had the great pleasure of hearing London No. 1 Band play one of the latest selections, 'My Guide.' The interpretation was good, and solo parts well played. Bandmaster Wilson appeared to have his men well in hand.

"For a young Band, London No. 11. Acquired themselves well, although 'Songs of Comfort' appeared to be somewhat beyond their reach. However, they have the makings of a good Band. Stick to it!"

I heard both Nos. 1 and 11. Songster Brigades, and both sang well. No. 1. Brigade sang a very effective arrangement to the words 'Oh, do not let thy Lord depart,' the music being composed by Songster Neill, brother to the Songster-Leader.

"I was greatly pleased with the tunelessness of the Staff Bandman. This was a feature whilst playing the song tunes. They have a full, plated set of 'Class A' instruments, are well-balanced, and number some thirty players. Bandmaster Allen, their general leader, is to be highly commended upon the playing and smart appearance of his Band. 'The Friends of the Cross' and 'Johannesburg' march, which I was privileged to hear them play, were rendered in

good style. Adjutant Mercer speaks in glowing terms of their ability as a fighting force."

Bandman T. Jones, late of Calgary, has been welcomed to the corner section of the Riverdale Band.

The account which some of the Toronto newspapers printed regarding the accident to Bandman Frank Brooks, of the Temple Band, on Sunday, April 13th, was grossly exaggerated. Brother Brooks was not "badly injured," we are glad to say, neither was one of the instruments "totally destroyed." The latter, a G trombone, was somewhat bent when the street car ran into the procession on Yonge Street, and one of Bandman Brooks' legs was bruised.

In connection with the Bandmen's Council in Toronto on Sunday next, April 27th, a Massed Band Festival will be held in the Temple on the Saturday night, under the presidency of Lieutenant-Colonel Chandler, the Divisional Commander. The Bands taking part are the Staff Band, the Temple, Riverdale, Lisgar Street, Dovercourt, West Toronto, Lippincott, and Toronto 1. We hope to give a full report of the Festival in our next issue.

THE ARMY'S FIRST BAND.

It was not till 1878 (thirteen years after the inauguration of the late General's great work on Mile-End Waste) that the Brass Band form of musical activity was introduced (says Brigadier Slater in the "Bandman, Songster, and Local Officer," of August 31st, 1912). The start of The Army's work in Salisbury was marked by riotous conduct on the part of many of the rougher people of the city. A Christian man, a cornet player in the Volunteer Corps of the district, was so moved at the rough treatment of the Salvationists that he offered the services of himself and his three sons, all of whom played brass instruments, to the Army Captain in the hope that the music might still the riotous behaviour. His offer was gladly accepted.

The Fry Band was hailed a remarkable work. The news reached The General in London; his alert mind saw the new force which Brass Bands offered to The Army. He got the Band to London, and he and him to important meetings, and set it going on its own resources on tour as the Evangelistic Band, watching with experience the work and the new musical possibilities opened up by Brass Bands.

THE EXPERIENCES OF OPTIMISTIC SAMMY



"It's a big target, Cap'n," said Optimistic Sammy, looking at his collecting, and saying that you turning pessimistic? Surely not," replied the Captain, with a smile in which there was both reproach and encouragement. "You'll not let us down, will you, Sammy?" And Sammy's hearty laugh said a very positive "No!" for Sammy was indeed an optimist.

Walking home, he pondered ways and means of securing his target, and was chuckling over a bright idea, when a sudden gust of wind whisked off his hat, and the wheels of a passing auto went clean over it (the hat, not the idea).

"Never mind," said Sammy to himself, seeing a good chance for a donation. The price of a new hat was soon handed over by the owner of the auto, and Sammy went merrily on his way, rejoicing over the first half's-eye in his target.

It was, however, so late when he got home that he found that the house was locked, and exposure in the night air gave him a severe cold, which meant at least two days in bed. Poor Sammy! But, as optimistic as ever, he sent for a doctor—the very one who had previously refused him a donation, taking care before he arrived to pin his collecting card to his pillow.

The doctor could not help but see it, and Sammy's ingenuity not only saved a doctor's bill, but secured a transference of the debt to Sammy's Self-Denial card. "Well, well," said he to himself, when the doctor had left. "I always did say that it was an ill wind that blew nobody good."

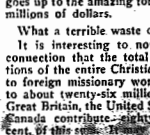
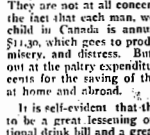
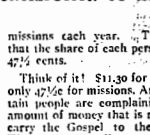
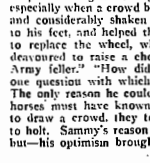
"You'll have to work on Saturday afternoon to make up for lost time," said Sammy's employer, when he got back to work two days later. "Very good, sir," said Sammy, feeling somewhat disappointed, but—still optimistic. Next week,

when the employees were paid, Sammy found that he had a dollar extra in his envelope. Over time, oh, Sammy?" said some of his employees. "No," said Sammy, "just 'about-time' I think. What will you give me?" The Self-Denial card showed four more names before Sammy went home, but not more money.

In his spare time, he called upon some of his friends and relatives. One day a kindly tea-master gave him a lift. Why one of the wheelmen should come to his rescue, he did not know, but yards, neither of the men could make out.

"Misfortune," the tea-master called it, but Sammy—optimistic again—thought it "good fortune," because a crowd began to gather. Bruised and considerably shaken up, Sammy scrambled to his feet, and helped the aggravated tea-master to replace the wheel, while the onlookers endeavoured to raise a cheer for "The Salvation Army feller." "How did it happen?" was the one question with which Sammy was besieged. The only reason he could think of was that the horses must have known about his target, and to draw a crowd, they took it into their heads to holt. Sammy's reason caused much laughter, but—his optimism brought in several donations.

After such a chapter of accidents, Sammy thought it would be better to wait till he had the best of things, and was congratulating himself on his success as a Self-Denial collector when—he lost his card! It was at that point that Sammy had his greatest temptation to worry, but—"The Lord can turn this difficulty into a blessing," he replied, when some of his friends chaffed him. The lost card turned up at the Officers' Club the next morning, where it was enclosed, from "A Debtor to the Army." The Captain said that a tea-master had brought it to the door.



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At the tea preceding the practice of the Staff Band at Territorial Headquarters on Wednesday, April 10th, Ensign Oliver Maddall and Captain Sydney Weeks said farewell to their comrade-Bandmen. As announced in a previous issue, Ensign Maddall has been appointed to take charge of the Men's Social Work in Vancouver. His farewell address was a cause for congratulation from his comrades, is keenly felt by the Band, with which he has been associated ever since its first appearance in the present form—some six or seven years ago. "Oliver" is a man of many parts, and far-famed as a vocal soloist, while his sparkling humour is highly congenial wherever he goes. Brigadier president, the Band Leader, who presided, also Major Atwell ("one of the old hands"), Staff-Captain Morris, and Ensign E. Pugmire referred to the pleasant associations all had enjoyed.

FROM THE GENERAL.

In this Self-Denial I want you, Local Army Bands to join a little more than him who has done so well for us. Come along then & let us know it! M. M. W. W. W. W.

A Self-Denial Message for Bandmen and Local Officers

Joined with the Ensign, who afterwards received a token of the appreciation of his comrades. The service of Captain Weeks was referred to in highest terms, and as he goes to the Old Land, the Staff Bandmen will not forget him.

Reference was also made to the absence, through sickness, of the Bandmaster, Adjutant Hanagan, who we are glad to say, is now back.

At a previous practice, Captain Gilbert Best was welcomed into the Band.

On April 12th and 13th, the Hamilton 1. Band led the meetings. A musical programme was given on the Saturday night, and Ensign Hanagan acted as chairman. There was a good attendance.

A feature of the evening was the singing of the Band's Male Choir, under Songster-Leader (and Bandmaster) Culbert. The Band's vocalists were widely known, and the formation of this Male Choir is helping to strengthen and enlarge them.

Harold Wignall gave the lesson on Sunday morning. The afternoon was taken up principally by music and song. The dedication of the new Bandman and Sister Hill's daughter was performed by Adjutant Ash, and Bandman Ridgeway gave an instructive address with spiritual appeal, "The Origin of Music." The four knelt at the Mercy Seat.

At night the Citadel was packed. The songsters who supplemented the Band's efforts throughout the day sang an original musical com-



The Famous Fry Family, Who Composed The Army's First Band.

PURSE AND ALL.

Not until all our possessions are serving Christ have we wholly given ourselves to Christ. It is a suggestive play upon words which declares, "That is no personal consecration at all which is not a consecration of purse and all." God cannot do much with men who are not the man who has been turned over to God.

While we care more for some possession than we do for God, how can we acceptably serve God or know the joy and blessing of un hindered communion with Him? But when God in Christ is our complete and only desire, He can work wonders with the little or large possessions that He has entrusted to us. Then His unquestioned ownership and use of our "purses" becomes our joy and blessing; and we wish we had more only that we might put more at His disposal.

It is a day of freedom when we step out forever from the bondage of our possessions into the liberty of God's ownership of all that we have and all that we are—"Sunday School Times."

SELF-DENIAL IN JAVA.

In the Dutch Indies, which include Java and Sumatra, Lieutenant Colonel De Groot is in charge, a total of \$12,000 has been raised by a Self-Denial Campaign. Our Java-Besene comrades, it should be mentioned were unable to commence this effort till late this year through waiting for the arrival of Colonel De Groot, the new Territorial Commander, but in spite of this and other drawbacks they exceeded the total of last year's effort by \$800.

The Dutch Indies form an important missionary centre, and are chiefly maintained out of the International exchequer, but they make this annual Self-Denial effort in order to secure a share in the central funds, thus endeavouring to carry out The Army's principle of self-support.

MILLIONS OF DOLLARS!

It is estimated that the amount of money spent by Canada in one year for intoxicating drink totals over \$11,300,000. This figures out at \$11.30 per head for a population of 7,200,000.

But the national spending of money in liquor is not the only waste of wealth chargeable to the drink system. We must take into account the loss caused through the idleness of men who are out of employment because of their drinking habits, the loss through the curtailment of the lives of citizens who, had they lived, might have been factors in the nation's wealth production, loss through the practical destruction, in liquor manufacture, of large quantities of grain that would otherwise be among our surplus food products for export, and the loss through the expenditure imposed upon the community in the custody and care of those who are morally, mentally, and physically degraded by intemperance. All these things, it is estimated, send the bill up at least another hundred million dollars.

As the revenue derived from liquor traffic amounts to only nineteen million dollars, there is thus a net loss to the people of Canada of over 100 million dollars annually.

Compare all this waste with what is invested in home and foreign missions by Canada. The latest figures show that the Christian population of Canada, numbering some four and a half millions, give about two and a quarter million dollars for

missions each year. This means that the share of each person is only 47 1/2 cents.

Think of it! \$11.30 for liquor and only 47 1/2 cents for missions. And yet certain people are complaining of the amount of money that is required to carry the Gospel to the heathen. They are not at all concerned about the fact that each man, woman, and child in Canada is annually taxed \$11.30, which goes to produce crime, misery, and distress. But they cry out at the pitiful expenditure of 47 1/2 cents for the saving of the heathen at home and abroad.

It is self-evident that there ought to be a great lessening of our national drink bill and a great increase in our contributions to foreign missions.

Striking as these figures may seem, when we compare the waste of the drink habit of the other great "Saxon nations," the picture is still more staggering. In Great Britain, an enormous sum of eight hundred million dollars is annually spent in drink, while in the United States the figure goes up to the amazing total of 2,600 millions of dollars.

What a terrible waste of wealth! It is interesting to note in this connection that the total contribution of the entire Christian population to foreign missionary work amounts to about twenty-six million dollars. Great Britain, the United States, and Canada contribute about 10 per cent. of this sum. It is logically argued, therefore, that if the world is to be evangelized in this generation,

tion, at least eighty-five per cent. of it will be accomplished by the aid of money supported from Great Britain and North America.

Very striking, however, does this meagre sum for missionary effort appear when compared with the vast burden of Christian nations. Great Britain spends nearly four hundred million dollars annually on alcohol and race, the United States spends many each spend 270 millions, and Canada spends about four millions. And, in spite of all the talk about missions, the money spent on these

elements is still increasing. If only armaments and drinking could be abolished by Christian nations and the money spent on them be diverted into channels of missionary effort, what a vast sum would be available!

CHRIST'S SACRIFICE AND OURS.

'Twas Christ Himself who came to die To ransom you and me; He made that wondrous sacrifice So unreservedly; That each through His great Self-Denial Might live and reign with Him.

Just pause and meditate a while Upon Christ's noble act— No greater Self-Denial was known— Most astounding fact! For riches, glory, power were His In Heaven at God's right hand.

What shall we as an Army do To make a high success Of our great annual Self-Denial? Which sure will winners bless? The answer comes: We must help And make it best of our known.

—E. Ford.

When you have read this paper, please post it to a friend who would not be likely otherwise to see a copy.

"These are some of the things which our comrades and friends will, I am sure, remember just now with practical gratitude."

News From the Field

St. John I. N. B.

There was a fair attendance at our Holiness meeting on April 13th. Bandman Sparks led the testimony meeting, and Adjutant Parsons gave

Brantford.

The twenty-ninth Anniversary of The Army in this city was celebrated by a birthday banquet. Three long tables, almost filling the large Hall, were arranged by the Band, Songsters; and Young People's Workers, in red, blue, and yellow respectively. The "reds" took first place for daintiness, the "blues" second, with only one point below, and the "yellows" three points behind. It was a time of happy, holy rivalry.

OUR WATCHWORD—GIVE AND GET!

Let our watchword be "Give and Get!" Give something from our own little store, and faithfully persevere in our endeavours to get others to do likewise.

Alfred A. Chandler, Lieut.-Colonel.

An interesting programme was rendered, after the tables had been filled a second time, consisting of selections by the Band and Songsters and items by the Young People. The dialogues, electric club-swinging, and reminiscences of the

the lesson. In the afternoon Mrs. Adjutant Parsons gave the address, but it was in the night meeting (says T. J.) after a rousing address from Adjutant Parsons that the fire we had been waiting for all day broke out. Right at the start of the prayer meeting, Mrs. Adjutant Parsons was seen leading a young woman to the Mercy Seat. Then came one of our new Soldiers, Brother Boyd, bringing a young man. One of Bandman Sparks' children came out voluntarily, then his elder brother

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Toronto I.

On Sunday, March 30th, eight souls claimed salvation. On the following Sunday night, three more came forward (says L. B.).

Our Band is making good progress under the leadership of Band-

UNITING COMRADES OF ALL LANDS.

Self-Denial means much to every true-hearted Salvationist. It means more than depriving ourselves of little comforts, and even necessities, in order that we may help forward the work of The Salvation Army with the money thus obtained. It means a bond of unity. It is the one effort in which comrades of all lands unite to provide the sinews of war, and also together pray for God's blessing on our world-wide Salvation Army.

Charles A. Taylor, Brigadier.

and his sister. All the family are now saved. Then Corp's Sergeant-major Riley's eldest daughter was seen making her way to the fountain, also a young woman and a young man, then another voluntary surrender. Truly, God was with us.

Twillingate, N.B.

(From the Sun.)

The lantern exhibition at The Army Citadel by Adjutant Hiseock on March 25th was well attended, the building being filled. The pictures which comprised seventy scenes

Stellarton.

On April 12th, 13th, and 14th we had with us Adjutant Byers. During the week-end several persons surrendered to God (says H. R.). On Sunday afternoon, eight comrades

THE TEST OF CONSECRATION.

It has often been said that Self-Denial is the test of consecration. It is not only this, but inasmuch as it is our Missionary Effort, it certainly is a good indicator of our love for God and the souls of the most neglected. I cannot say how much I value it myself, and it has often been a great wonder to me why in Canada, amidst all our prosperity, we should not double and treble our present gift for the great Missionary Cause.

John Rawling, Brigadier.

from the life, death, lying in state, and funeral of the late General Smith, were shown, and sung by the audience. Short addresses were given by Adjutant Hiseock, Ensign Earl, and Magistrate Scott. The latter (says a correspondent) spoke in glowing terms of The Army. I come over four dollars.

Long Pond, N.B.

On April 6th, the meetings were led by Lieutenant Stratford, of Divisional Headquarters (says O. J.). A large crowd attended the evening meeting, when the Juniors' Anniversary was held. At night, a good crowd was present.

On Sunday, April 13th, Captain Fletcher led well-attended meetings. A backslider returned to God.

Captain Dow and Lieutenant Whiffin have been welcomed to Fredericton. On Sunday night, April 13th, the Citadel was crowded, and a brother returned to God.

were enrolled as Soldiers. The united meeting on Monday night was one of great blessing. The Rev. Mr. Cunningham, of Stellarton, and Captain Gillingham, of Westville, gave helpful and interesting addresses.

Our Self-Denial target has been smashed (writes a correspondent from Burin, N.B.). Four souls got saved during the week-end. April 12th and 13th.

GIVING AS WELL AS COLLECTING.

There seems to be a tendency in some Corps for Soldiers to restrict themselves from GIVING by the fact that they COLLECT for themselves, which reminds one of the Master's words, "Thy eye ought to have done, but the other eye ought not to have left undone."

Levi Taylor, Major.

St. Catharines.

We have just had a visit from Brigadier Ady and his Divisional helper, Captain Clayton. They were singing with Ensign (Weir) were much appreciated in all the meetings throughout the week-end. One man surrendered to God.

FELL INTO ICE-HOLE.

Rescuers Get Saved in Menominee Officer's Terrible Experience.

On Sunday, April 13th, a large number of the Soldiers and Forest Rangers, Newfound, went out for the second meeting at the mercy. A new Hall had been erected to The Army, if we could come again.

On the way to Sumner, we had to cross a bridge of ice. The distance is one mile. Not but are out in the ice, to catch her in the early winter. All the Soldiers were marching on bravely with the Lieutenant, when a faint but frightful voice was heard. The Ensign was supposed to be at the back of the march; instead, she had slipped into one of the net holes. Had we let her one instant longer, she would have been no more. Several brave young men leaped to her rescue. The hole was an extra large one, five could go down at the same time. When they caught hold of the tips of the Ensign's fingers, she said: "I am glad it was me and not one of the unsaved." She was soon surrounded by all the comrades, including the Forest Rangers, almost overcome with fright. The Ensign was hurried to the home of Mrs. Augustus Penney, where she was put in a warm room and given some dry clothes and a hot drink.

A few minutes later she said: "We cannot have the people disappointed. I am only frightened. We all started for the opening of the new Hall. It was packed, and the persons stood outside. After the

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May 5, 1915

MILLIONAIRE'S REMARK-ABLE WILL.

How little we know each other after all! Hard things have been said about the late J. P. Morgan and the way he got his money, mostly, we suppose, by people who would have liked to share his wealth. Few, however, were prepared for the remarkable interference we in The Army should call it a personal testimony with which it is now found Mr. Morgan began his will. It is as follows:

"I commit my soul into the hands of my Saviour, in full confidence that having received it and washed it in His most precious Blood, He will present it faultless before the Throne of my Heavenly Father;

GOD HAS BEEN GOOD TO US.

By the Chief Secretary.

Self-Denial Week will afford us a splendid opportunity to get a blessing to our own souls by doing something for the good of those living and labouring in other parts of the world, who are less favourably placed than we are.

We must remember our Missionary Officers, the needy ones amongst whom they are at work, and the poor, the wayward, and the fallen everywhere.

God has been good to us. Let us therefore offer something during Self-Denial Week in token of His goodness. Sydney Maidment.

I entrust my children to maintain and defend at all hazards, and at any cost of personal sacrifice, the blessed doctrine of the complete atonement for sin through the blood of Jesus Christ, once offered, and through that alone.

This testimony is certainly worthy of serious consideration by many millions of a smaller growth. In the presence of death, money is as valueless as a straw to a drowning man.

SELF-DENIAL AND SOUL-PROGRESS.

Self-Denial and Soul-Progress are inseparable; hence the value of Self-Denial is beyond human calculation or possible estimate. A personal, practical exercise of Self-Denial fertilizes soil-life, promotes soul-growth, develops soul-progress, strengthens and beautifies character, enriches the lives of others, and returns in overflowing measure, laden with blessing from the Heart and Hand of The Great Self-Denial, whose supreme qualities of sacrifice and giving we are specially honoured and privileged to emulate during this glorious Self-Denial Week.

Maggie R. Cameron, Brigadier.

THE GENERAL CABLES.

RELIEF FOR SUFFERS The latest New York "War Cry" contains the following message, sent by the General in response to cable information received from Commander Eva Booth:

"Your reports of the recent calamities have deeply stirred me. The waters have indeed, gone over my head. Surely God will bless the efforts made by our comrades to alleviate the want and pain. Salvationists throughout Europe will be you with profound interest. Please send a small gift (\$1000) for the bereaved and friendless."

TO HELP CHINA.

An important reply to the appeal made by China is made by (Continued on Page 12.)

PERSONALIA

THE STAFF BAND

Conducts a Two-Day Campaign at Lippincott Street, Toronto.

For some time, it has not been the privilege of the Staff Band to conduct a weekend's meeting "at home" (Toronto), owing to many "outside" engagements, and the Sunday and Monday which the Band spent at Lippincott Street, therefore, formed a greatly-anticipated event.

The crowd that attended the Holiness meeting, led by Brigadier Poter, the Band's leader, was an evidence that the Corps' spiritual appetite is in good condition. Adjutant Halbrink gave a very helpful Bible lesson, and Captains Myers and E. Puginier testified to the joy of living a holy life. Captain Dugmore recalled the day, some fourteen or fifteen years ago, when, at Lippincott Street, he was first handed an instrument. To-day, as one of the ablest instrumentalists in The

Ensign Penfold returned from the Old Land on the "Aescania," and arrived at Fortland a few days ago, returning almost immediately to Glasgow, Scotland, on the "Scandinavian." The Ensign will again sail for Canada on May 24th, as conductor of an immigrant party.

Ensign Sarah Mabey recently had a narrow escape from asphyxiation by coal gas while in the Quarters at Brockville. In a letter to her sister, Adjutant Mabey, at Headquarters, the Ensign says she is only gradually recovering from the

CANADA'S PLACE—AT THE TOP.

So far as Self-Denial Week is concerned, I have a very deep yearning to see prospered Canada take its proper place amongst the nations, that is, AT THE TOP! I would not ask what you did or could have done last year, in time, in effort, or in money, but will you permit me to ask: What joy did you get out of the Effort? What satisfaction? Was there left to you a justifiable reason to believe that on the Eternal Morning the Prince who has helped to dry the orphans whose biting pains of hunger you had helped to alleviate, the boy you had helped to rescue and save? Wm. Henry Green, Brigadier.

effects of the gas. Ensign and Mrs. Ben Turner have been appointed to take charge of a newly-opened Domestic Lodge in Halifax, N. S. Their installation will take place in a few days.

"The War Cry" sympathizes with Ensign Stitt, of Territorial Headquarters, who has just received news

Army, the Captain is the pride of the "home Corps," as well as a valued member of the Staff Band.

The large Hall was crowded in the afternoon, when the Band gave a festival of music and song, under the baton of Bandmaster (Adjutant) Hanagan, whom the Bandsmen were glad to have with them

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTIANITY.

By the Field Secretary.

Self-Denial is the true spirit of Christianity, the practical aspect of which is service for others.

The depth and the strength of our religion and supreme expression in our love following of Him "Who gave Himself for us."

May we each one in this year's Self-Denial Effort gather and get and give as He gave—joyfully, willingly, humbly.

Albert Gaskin, Colonel.



of the serious illness of his father, Colonel Stitt, in the Old Country. The Ensign's marriage is lessened by the latest intelligence—that his father is recovering nicely. Ensign Trickey, of Brantford, was recently appointed a member of the Nominating Committee of the Sunday School Association. At the annual convention, attended by about six hundred members, the Salvation Army was only ten points short of the number required to secure a banner contested for by thirty Sunday Schools, and given for the largest percentage of workers present at the convention in Brantford.

Captain Dan Hale was expected to return from Glasgow, Scotland, where she will undergo an operation.

again. (The Adjutant's recent sickness is referred to in "Band Chat.") Daniel Chisholm, Property Commissioner of Toronto, presided. The band played with its usual spirit and precision, delighting the local assisting Bandsmen with its careful interpretations of the latest Journals.

As in the afternoon, the City was again full when the nightingale sang. Ensign's brief farewell address mentioned that Sunday in

TO HELP CHINA.

(Continued from Page 11.)
 Daniel Bramwell Booth in the Self-Denial message to the Canadian Field, which appears on page nine. "How," asks one of our contemporaries, "can we better help China than by sending to her Christian teachers, when her most famous general, Li Yuan-hung, has recently said: 'Missionaries are our friends. Jesus Christ is better than Confucius, and I am strongly in favor of more missionaries coming to China to teach Christianity and going into interior provinces. We should be able to assist missionaries, and the more we get to come to China, the better will the Republic Government be pleased.'"

WORK AMONG NEGROES.

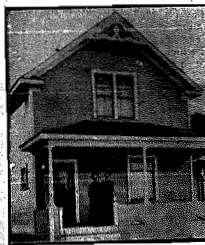
IN THE SOUTH
 A message from Boston to the Toronto Telegram says that a preliminary report in the fulfillment of a wish of the late General William Booth, that The Salvation Army extend its activities to the coloured people in the South has just been taken, in that Commander Evan Booth has assigned Adjutant James M. Roberts, of Boston, to the work. Miss Booth, it is announced, has said that shortly before her father died, he begged her to start the new work.

A SPIRITUAL UNDERTAKING.

I believe the Self-Denial Effort is the most spiritual undertaking we have for raising funds in The Salvation Army. Let us keep as near as possible to the original idea of practical Self-Denial. Canada should do more than it has done in previous years, and I believe our people in the North-West are prepared to do their utmost for this Missionary enterprise this year.

LITTLE ICELAND LEADS THE WAY.

A cable from London (England) announces, on the strength of news received from Copenhagen that at the end of the present year it will be impossible for either natives or tourists to obtain alcoholic liquors in Iceland. Under the anti-spirit law permission was given to consume the present stock of liquors in the country, and figuring on the per capita consumption, it will all be gone by the end of the year. The Government adopted drastic prohibition laws because it was felt that the excessive drinking of the Icelanders was undermining the physical fitness of the people.



Officers' Quarters, Leithbridge.
 (See Page 6.)

THE STAFF BAND.

(Continued from Page 11.)
 The objects of the campaign were to raise funds for the Self-Denial Effort, and it was the pleasure of the Bandmen to receive the new seats for the band.

WARRIORS IN HEAVEN.

Sis. Mrs. J. Brown, Brampton, Ont.
 Sister Mrs. Brown was promoted to Glory on Thursday, April 10th. She was a Soldier of this Corps for twenty-three years, and though of



Sister Mrs. Brown, Brampton, Ont.
 late, had not been able to attend the meetings on account of sickness, she was always cheerful, and enjoyed much of the favour of God. Those years, but was a Salvationist for 28

Brother I. Saunders, of Bay Roberts.
 On March 9th, at 7 a.m. Brother Isaac Saunders went to his last reward. He was a Soldier for over twenty years, and was always ready to give his testimony to the saving and keeping power of God, says Adjutant Higdon. On Saturday he appeared in good health, and on Sunday morning, on waking, he said he had had a good night's rest. Before ten minutes had expired, his soul had taken its flight.

We gave him an Army funeral, and in the service many were moved to tears. Our comrade leaves a widow to mourn her loss.

LOVE AND GRATITUDE ARE PRACTICAL.

Faith in our God, with plenty of hard work, assures victory. Our love to Christ should ever prompt the inquiry, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits towards me?" We should not be content with what we feel—love is practical, and so is gratitude.

Richard Aday, Brigadier.

Brother W. Ware, of Prince Albert.
 An old and tried Warrior of the Cross, Brother William Ware, passed away at his son's home, on Friday, March 23rd. Our brother was a Soldier of this Corps for a few years, but was a Salvationist for 28



Brother Ware, Prince Albert.
 years, having transferred here from Halifax, N.S.

The funeral services at the house and grave were conducted by Captain Hunt, assisted by Captain Torrance, our Commanding Officer. Our comrade was buried with full Army honours.

The Rev. J. E. Lynn and A. P. Miha also spoke, and a letter was read from Mr. C. H. Miles, of the Army's Hall, who was well liked by the public gathering, when several local ministers and representatives of the corps in the local addresses, bade good-bye to the Officers.

SELF-DENIAL AND CHARACTER.

It is impossible to over estimate the influence of Self-Denial on character. In fact, it is the chief factor in the development of those qualities which lift one up to the highest and best standards of life. IT BROADENS OUR SYMPATHIES—IT RAISES OUR THOUGHTS—"Others" claim our attention. Their weaknesses; their sorrows, and their needs become in a measure ours, inspiring us to helpful and kindly thought and action.

IT STRENGTHENS OUR WILL—To forego some pleasure, to undertake some unpleasant task, to take up and bear some cross for Christ's sake, results in the development of self-control, and the subjection of the will to higher than purely selfish claims.

IT SUBDUES OUR SPIRITS—The supreme act of Self-Denial is ever before us. The strong, quiet life of Christ, and the unutterable sorrow and anguish of His dying, is a very real sense affect us; revealing to our hearts as they do, not only the extreme of sacrifice, but the sweetness of the spirit of submission, and the power of Self-Denial.

Joseph Barr, Major.

DEATH OF A TORONTO VETERAN.

It is with deep regret that we announce the death of Brother Robert Verall, of the Ligar Street Corps, Toronto. He passed away at his seventy-first year, thirty of which were spent as a Soldier of the Salvation Army. He was much loved by his comrades and by the poor in his district. The funeral services were held on Monday, April 14th, at the Memorial Service, Colonel Gaskin. A full report will appear in our next issue. Our deepest sympathy is extended to the bereaved relatives.

Lily Shears, of Rocky Harbour.
 Death has taken from our midst Lily Shears, age fifteen, the daughter of our Sergeant-Major, this

conversion. The tablet will be unveiled by the President of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference on the 17th inst.

A picture of the historic room in which the late General, as a lad of fifteen, was converted, is given on this page.

Berlin, Blancy has far exceeded after a stay of eighteen months. On the farewell night, a banquet was held in the school room of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Ex-Major's Headquarters, assisted, and spoke in glowing terms of the work of the Captain and his wife. His energy was highly commended. Mr. Schmalz stating that at the market he was one of the first there, always busy, and late at night, he could be still seen, smilingly serving the cause of the Army. He has treasured the sale of "The War Cry" in the city, and added many members to the local Corps.

Dr. Scott said he had learned to admire the Captain, and although he did not wear the coat of an Army Officer, he was serving in a noble distinction of the same Army.

The Rev. J. E. Lynn and A. P. Miha also spoke, and a letter was read from Mr. C. H. Miles, of the Army's Hall, who was well liked by the public gathering, when several local ministers and representatives of the corps in the local addresses, bade good-bye to the Officers.

Grand Falls, Nfld.
 On Wednesday, April 10th, Ensign Elroy performed the wedding ceremony of Brother Eliakim Rowley and Sister Elizabeth Budget.

The supporters were A. Rowley (brother) and Candidate A. Frampton.

After the service a number of friends proceeded to the comrade's home, and partook of a wedding supper.

Sarah, Captain G. Home, received a warm welcome on April 12th and 13th (says a correspondent), and on April 20th, when it was conducted by himself and Mrs. Comrade there were fourteen seekers at the Pentecost-form.

Adjutant Campbell, of West Toronto, reported with a hearing Monday a notable, picturesque, on Sunday, April 20th, when it was conducted by himself and Mrs. Comrade there were fourteen seekers at the Pentecost-form.

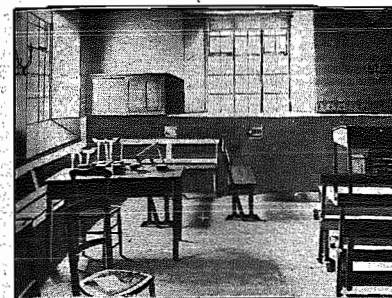
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A NOTTINGHAM MEMORIAL.

Tablet for the Church Where The General Was Converted.
 The following interesting paragraph appeared in a recent issue of "The British Weekly":—"A mural tablet of bronze and alabaster, to commemorate the conversion of the late General Booth, in Wesley Chapel, Nottingham, is to be erected there this month. The tablet will be unveiled on the 17th inst. The tablet will be unveiled by the President of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference on the 17th inst.



The room in Nottingham in which The Army's Founder was converted as a lad. The spot where he knelt is marked by a cross.

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LEARNING.

Field Officer's Grateful Appreciation of Advanced Training Lessons.

The following copy of a letter to the Young People's Secretary is of special interest to Officers, for whose benefit the Advanced Training System of Instruction was instituted.

"I am a veteran Field Officer. 'My Dear Brigadier,—I feel greatly indebted to the Advanced Training System for benefits received.

"(1) It is a training and systematic study which I consider to be a great need of the Field Officer today.

"I have found the instruction to be of great benefit to me in platform work.

"It makes me more familiar with the Bible's as well as with the conditions existing in Bible times. The matter learned becomes a part of useful, ready for use, by the aid of memory, at the needy moment.

"We are a very busy people, but I am convinced that time spent in the study of useful subjects will make us better workmen, and as a consequence we shall do a better work.—P. Howell, Adjutant, Calgary, Alta.

Officers who have not yet taken full advantage of the Advanced Training System would do well to ask the Young People's Secretary for information as to the various courses.

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CUT OUT THE LUXURIES!

IF THE COST OF LIVING HAS INCREASED, HAVE NOT OTHER THINGS ALSO GONE UP?

The cost of living has gone up—few housewives will be found to disagree with that; but other things have also risen. Read the "Toronto Daily Star's" comparison, which appeared in that journal a few days ago. What is there said of the rise

drops in every part of the city. "This means that these luxuries of yesterday are the necessities of today. If a thousand groceries in this city are expiring in their windows fresh from the world, it means that they are selling these goods over their counters to their customers.

"If one may judge from the grocery windows all about the city the people almost as a whole must be buying and using hot-house and imported fruits and vegetables as only the luxuries few did ten or fifteen years ago.

"The grocers on every street in the city are not carrying these goods for fun. They are not exposing strawberries at twenty-five cents per box unless people are buying them at that price. Olives are not an absolute necessity on the tables of the poor—and any man in poor health difficulty in paying his bills—yet nearly every grocery in Toronto confronts you with olives in every shape and form. Once if you ask for cheese the ordinary grocer could attach but one meaning to the word—he would lead you to a huge cheese from Oxford county and pose a knife over it. To-day he leads you to a glass cupboard in which he shows you not only native cheese, but English Stilton, Roquefort, Camembert, Swiss, and three or four creamed cheeses.

"For ten months of the year—or is it twelve?—the corner groceries sell tomatoes, although our climate only permits their production for four months. By the time they are abundant most people have tired of them for table use, although, we

think, it is still the habit of people in Toronto to make cabs in September rather than in February.

Grape fruit begins to become as much a family necessity as potatoes were to our simpler fathers. Asparagus, which people used to eat when their gardens produced it, is now sold in fat but expensive bundles

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nearly all the year around. The salt herring barrel has disappeared from the grocery; in its place stands the porcelain-lined varn from which the succulent yolk is dipped. The cucumber, at ten cents a piece, gratifies the appetite in February, and is despised at five cents a dozen when nature thrusts them on us in abundance in September, and they are by the basket.

"So it goes in everything. The cost of living has gone up. But if the cost of living has advanced forty per cent, in twenty years, we venture to say that the scale of living must have advanced about another sixty per cent."

So that things are not so bad, after all, and on the strength of "The Star" we may list some of the things which we are duty grateful, we cannot but suggest that here lies a splendid field for Self-Denial. Why not go back to "Simple life" of ten or fifteen years ago? At least, why not cut out the luxuries for one week and give the money thus saved to The Army's Self-Denial Fund?

"MAMMA WON'T BE LONG."

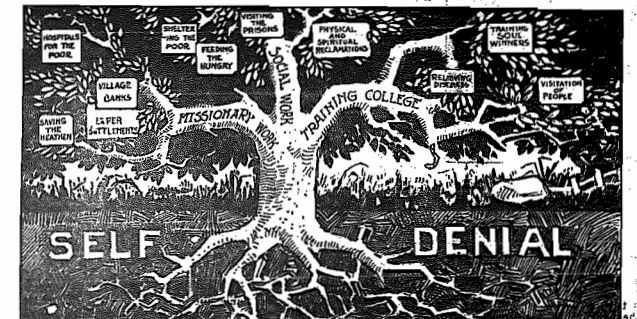
Good-bye to Dying Child—A Mother's Triumph.

The death of Mrs. Major Roberts, of the International Training College Staff, which took place recently at her home at Melchett, was not unexpected, as our comrade had been ill for over a year. She suffered much, but left behind her some beautiful messages, expressive of her confidence in the unfailing love of God. "My sufferings," she said, "are the messenger that knocks at the door of peace" and "I have much pain, but no fear."

A few days before our sister was called Home to God, her little seven-year-old girl was smitten with fatal illness, and as the dying mother was lifted up in bed to give her darling a last kiss, she said, soothingly, as in days passed she had often bade the little one good night, "Mamma won't be long; I'm ready to go. The angels will soon come for me."

Even after this added sorrow had shaken her frail tenement, she was able to write, "He has lit the lamp for me." These were some of her last spoken or recorded words, and we may fittingly add of both mother and little daughter, "For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

The League of Mercy workers of London, Ont., recently sent six dozen eggs to the prisoners in the local jail which The Army is privileged to visit quite frequently.



The Salvation Army Tree. Well-Known Best in the Subsidiary of Self-Denial.

How the Story Starts—George Robinson, the small son of a time-expired soldier, is consigned by an acquaintance of the father, who offers to adopt him. His overtures, however, are rejected. The father, Phillips, kidnaps the lad and takes him to a strange city. He finally returns to his uncle.

CHAPTER II.—A SHOEMAKERS' SHOP (Continued).

George was a truthful child by nature, and while his mother was not a Christian woman, she earnestly desired that all her children should grow up "good," and trained them carefully in all the canons of good behaviour. She was also an essentially affectionate mother, and her two boys adored her. George was her little lover and had begun to assume many airs and make up for his father's deficiencies by "looking out for mother" himself. It took many a cruel thrashing to get him to deny his parentage and call himself Bob Phillips. Indeed, when questioned he preferred to maintain a sullen silence. His mother would never have recognized the black-browed, sombre-looking child for her bright, handsome, loving George.

Why Joseph Phillips wanted to burden himself with a ten-year-old boy, and why, after making a pet and a plaything of him and apparently loving him with a love only second to his mother's, he should change round all at once and become so brutally cruel, only those scientists that have made the secret recesses of the human brain their life-story could tell us. He took a very tiny shoe store, or cobbler's

For 5000 The Army can erect a village hall in India and keep two missionaries for a year. Every target smashed helps to spread the light in India.

shop, and there through long, weary hours little, active George had to work. His back ached to distraction, his legs grew numb, and his tiny fingers grew so often bleeding. The only variation to this monotony were frequent and cruel thrashings. The neighbours all pitied the poor little soul, but there was no Children's Society or trust officer in those days for them to appeal to, and it did not seem a case for police interference. Surely an uncle was the proper person to bring up an orphan, friendless nephew!

But George was a high-spirited boy and did not yield easily. "Has your uncle been thrashing you again?" a kindly neighbour asked him one day, and George, hot with indignation at his treatment and ashamed at being found crying, exclaimed: "He's not my uncle and my mother and mother aren't dead!" Phillips heard him, and dragging him into a small room at the back

The Boy That Disappeared

A STORY OF THE SALVATION ARMY HELP AND ENQUIRY DEPARTMENT.

By BRIGADIER EILEEN DOUGLAS.

"The Boy That Disappeared" is published by courtesy of the New York "War Cry." We need scarcely add that the Help and Enquiry Department, whose good work the story represents, is also a valued feature of the Canadian Social operations.—Ed.

of the house, beat him cruelly and locked him in for the night.

This was the last straw. After his anger had died down George thought the matter over and faced the situation. He knew now that he was being ill-treated and he never, never would submit to it. He father and mother had been stolen, and he had been stolen, and people that stole went to jail, and further, that Joe Phillips had no idea of going to jail over him, George—he'd kill him dead first.

A school for native children can be erected and equipped in Java for one hundred dollars. Some Canadian Soldiers could give that easily. Think of what can be done with the money. Isn't it a good investment?

And there, sitting alone in the darkness, his little body braced and aching, he vowed to himself never to try trying to find his mother as long as he lived.

The first step was to run away, and this he accomplished by getting out of the window before daybreak. His one idea was to get as far away as he could before Phillips began to hunt for him. He had no idea what part of the country his grandmother lived in. She was only a name to him, a dear name to be sure, but there was nothing tangible attached to it. He knew she lived in a lovely cottage, and there were green fields all round, and that she kept pigs and chickens and a cow. The only variation to this monotony were frequent and cruel thrashings. The neighbours all pitied the poor little soul, but there was no Children's Society or trust officer in those days for them to appeal to, and it did not seem a case for police interference. Surely an uncle was the proper person to bring up an orphan, friendless nephew!

It was getting late in September now, and the nights were cold, nev-

"Earn all you can, save all you can, and give all you can"—that was the advice of John Wesley. Many people are quite willing to act up to the first two, but kick at the last named. How about you?

Nevertheless the dauntless little lad persevered in his wanderings, running after every figure and scanning every face that looked the least "like mother's." It seems unbelievable that a child could wander through town after town unscared for unreasonably long periods. Yet that is exactly the way George spent the next three months. Had he been a "little dog" he would have attracted more attention. The Fall rains soaked him, the December frosts and snows

stung and chilled, but his search was never let up. He slept on doorsteps, under fences, in any nook or corner into which he could squeeze himself. Sometimes kind-hearted folks gave him pennies and food, but when he told his story they always shook their heads and smiled. Some thought he was lying, others that he "was not all there." Often he was able to get odd jobs to do. People were glad to employ a handy little boy, and there was no fear of

a school trustee stepping in and making trouble.

Poor little, homeless wail, how much better off any mother would have thought him tucked away in some tiny grave!

CHAPTER III.—A HEAVY LOAD.

With a weary smile and a wave of the hand, He wandered into an unknown land.

What Hannah Robinson suffered in those days can never be told! Only the few that have passed through like sufferings can understand. Death she could have borne—that would have left a wound to be sure, but it would have been a clean wound. The mother whose little ones were calmly sleeping in the green grave-

yard. They knew where they were and all about them. They did not have to lie awake at night and wonder whether little John, or Tom, or Harry were cold and hungry and ill-treated or, worse than anything else, learning to be wicked.

Hope died slowly in her heart. It was impossible, she told herself, that a boy as bright as George could be lost. Surely somebody hearing his story would help him and his folks. He must be dead! Perhaps he had

"surrounded by the tall trunks of palm and coco-nut palms, and by the interwoven branches of flowering shrubs and scented trees, the spectacle was one of singular beauty and a most gracious appeal. Those tired sleepers. . . The sound of their breathing was like the noise of a summer sea; before dawn they would be moving, with their wives and families, back through the jungle and back over the hills, to the mud-huts of their distant villages. Some of them that very night had 'found Christ.' Some of them were sleeping with a new peace in their hearts and a new joy in their souls."

"It was like a scene from the Bible. The heaviness of the long, low, the softness of the air, the extreme brightness of the moon, and the grinding splendor of the stars—these, and the breathing multitude, hooded and wrapped in white garments, lying at full length on the ground, so silent and so still, filling the whole garden with the sense of human weariness and heavenly care—touched the mind with thoughts

of those who had crossed the hills of Colorado and lay on a like ground. We may not now vary over the pictures of Commissioner Patricio Quixote, or over such pictures as entitled "What is God?" We only need that for descriptive beauty and vividness of the wonderful evidences of the glorious power of Christ to save and to give anything in the book, and far surpassing anything we know of out of the book.

As will already appear, much is done in India: handsome addresses, however, also paid to the self-sacrificing and the late Consul Booth-Tucker and a company of Officers who, year in and some of them from the difficult country. The Army in the country, have been sacrificing fought for the spiritual

Twenty-five dollars was a missionary in India he was to collect this amount! WROUGHT BY PRAYER. More things are wrought by prayer Than this world dreams of. Here, let thy voice Rise like a fountain for living day, And, for what are men better than swine, or goats That nourish a blind life within? Then, knowing God, they lift their souls To prayer. Both for themselves and those who call them friends, and those who love every way Bound by gold chains about their necks of God.

Officers and comrades present, but especially those who were parts of the . . . from time to time, he visiting his quarters in Toronto, are asked to make a point of visiting the Editorial Department.

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May 1913

To "WAR CRY" READERS

A Few Words about Personal Self-Denial

IN CONNECTION WITH

The Forthcoming Effort

MAY 4th to 10th.

During the Week of Self-Denial, thousands of our comrade Officers and Soldiers will be hard at work getting together the necessary funds to make the Effort the great success we all desire it to be, and believe it is going to be; but we should like to appeal through "The War Cry" for an increase in the personal aspect of the Endeavour.

The joy of the Self-Denial Week (and there is a real and tangible joy underlying it for all who enter heartily into it in the Spirit of our blessed Master) will be in the individual Effort we make to give

That Which Costs Us Something

Our Great Example not only extolled the blessing of giving, but He was a living exemplification of His teaching; hence His power with the world to-day.

Let us show during this Week that Salvationists can not only beg from others (a most important duty), but that they can be relied upon to do their part in giving personally. And if this spirit is multiplied amongst us we shall be able to rejoice over a unique Victory.

Comrades, shall it be done?

In the strength of the living God, let us determine that 1913 shall see in Canada a Record Self-Denial.

The Commissioner's heart is set upon this, and it will certainly be a great joy to our beloved General, whom God has so wonderfully fitted to follow in the footsteps of his glorified Father.

Now for—

A Long Pull, A Strong Pull, and A Pull Altogether!

Victory! Victory!

